

*A Dialogue suppos'd to be between a Eunuch Boy, and a  
 Virgin. Sung by Bowen and Mrs Crofs in a New Play  
 call'd Ibrahim. Set to Musick by Mr Daniel Purcell.  
 Written by Mr Durefey and exactly engrav'd by Tho: Crofs.*

*She.*  
 Fly, fly from my sight, fly far a way, my Scorn, my Scorn thou'lt only Purchase by thy

*He.*  
 stay; a way, away, a way fond Fool, a way, a way, a way, a way, fond Fool, a way Dear, dear Angel, no,

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, here on this place I le foot ... ted grow these pretty

pretty, pretty Eyes have Charm'd me so, I cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot go I

cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot stir, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot go, I cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot

*She.*  
 goe. thou silly, silly Creature be advis'd, & do not, do not stay to be despis'd; by all, all, all my

*He.*  
 actions thou may'st see, my heart can spare no room for thee: why, why dost thou hate me! ah!

*She.*  
 confes's, thou sweet disposer of my Joys? The reason is, I only gues, by something in thy Face &

He.  
Voice: y thou, y thou art not made like other Boys; why I can kifs, & I can play, be tel a thousand pretty Tale, and

I can sing & live long day, if any other Talent fails, can sing, can sing the live long day, if any other Talent fails, can

She.  
sing, can sing the live long day, if any other Talent fails: Boas not thy Music, for I fear, y Sing thy gift has

cost thee dear, each warb ..... sing Lin not on y Tree, has far a better, better, better Fate, a

better fate than y; for thy life hap ... .. thy pleasures prove, as they can Sing so they can Live.

Chorus. She.  
He. No, no, no poor boy no, no, no poor boy ... .. no, no, no not I Pish Pish oh fyre no no not

Why so can I & tast lye joy, why cannot I pray do but try, pray do but try do but try do but try pray do but

I Pish Pish oh fyre no no not I ... .. I know as regin as regin why I know as regin as regin why